

SLEEPY MAN.

When the Sleepy Man comes with dust in his eyes,
Oh, weary, my dearie, so weary!
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies,
So husnaly, weary, my dearie!

He smiles through his fingers and shuts up the sun,
Oh, weary, my dearie, so weary!
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one,
So husnaly, weary, my dearie!

He comes from the easle of Drowsy-bytown,
Oh, weary, my dearie, so weary!
At the tomb of his hand the tired eyelids fall down,
So husnaly, weary, my dearie!

He comes with a mairn of dream in his wings,
Oh, weary, my dearie, so weary!
Arl whippers of mermaids and wonderful things,
So husnaly, weary, my dearie!

Then the top is a horizon, the bangle a lane,
Oh, weary, my dearie, so weary!
When you would be faring down Drowsyway lane,
So husnaly, weary, my dearie!

When one would be venturing in Lullaby Wherry,
Oh, weary, my dearie, so weary!
To Sleepy Man's castle by comforting ferry,
So husnaly, weary, my dearie!

—C. G. D. Roberts in Century.

THE SALOON SPOTTER.

How Proprietors Keep Track of Free Drinks and Knockdowns.

"Tell you what it is," exclaimed Louis, "if that bartender of mine doesn't quit giving out so many free drinks, I'll give him his walking papers. And, then, too," he added, "he sold three drinks yesterday and didn't ring them up."

Louis is an amiable dispenser of drinks, soft and otherwise, at a little saloon in East Twelfth street which he calls a "buffet." As he spoke he held in his hand a sheet of paper, on which were several entries, written in ink, as follows: "At half past 6 a. m., barkeeper opened up. Milkman called at 7. George, the barkeeper, treated him to a cocktail. At quarter past 7 a man called. He got a drink and a cigar and didn't pay for them. Baker came in right afterward and got a free drink of whisky. A man whom barkeeper called Tom came in at half past 7. George and Tom had three drinks together. Tom didn't pay. Stranger paid 25 cents for a milk punch at 8 o'clock. Barkeeper didn't ring up the price."

"There now," said Louis, "that's what you may expect from these barkeepers! They're always trying to do you. I came in at 8 o'clock and—"

"But," I interrupted, "what is that report you have in your hand?"

"Oh, this," replied Louis, again looking over the document referred to. "Why, this is a report from a barkeepers' detective. It's a new scheme and a great one. There's an association in this city that supplies men to keep 'tab' on barkeepers when the proprietor is away."

"I pay so much a month and get a report every day. The detective comes in at odd times, like any other stranger, watches how things are going and takes notes. Of course I expect my barkeeper to give out a free drink once in awhile. I don't suppose I ought to kick if he falls to ring up an occasional quarter, but this boy, George, of mine is going it altogether too strong. I'll just read over this report to him when trade becomes slack."

I noticed a strange barkeeper in the place next day.

"What's up?" I asked of Louis. "Did you let George go?"

"Yes," he replied, "he was getting to be too high priced for me. Come around tomorrow, and I'll show you how the new man is working."—New York Herald.

Exasperating Reason.

A friend of the poet Shelley says that he was most fanciful in his habit of forming some wild theory and then seeking confirmation of it in the events of everyday life. If they did not bear him out, he was naturally indignant. One particular encounter with a prosaic Englishman must have been somewhat astonishing to the man, who was not accustomed to poets and their modes of reasoning.

At one time Shelley saw the zodiac in everything, and as he was passing an inn with his friend he noticed that the house bore the sign of the "Horsehoes."

"There were four on the sign, and he immediately came to the conclusion that they had been handed down from remote antiquity to represent the compartments of the zodiac. He stepped into the house."

"Your sign is the 'Horsehoes'?" he said to the landlord.

"Yes, sir."

"This sign has always four horsehoes?"

"Why, mostly, sir."

"Not always?"

"I think I have seen three."

"I cannot divide the zodiac into three," said Shelley musingly, "but it's mostly four. Do you know why it's mostly four?"

"Why, sir, I suppose because a horse has four legs."

The poet bounced out of the house in great indignation, crying to his friend, "Did you ever see such a fool?"—Youth's Companion.

English in India.

The Times of India gives the following example of English as written in India. It is a copy of an application to become a volunteer: "I humbly crave the desired permission to join the Volunteer corps under your honour's commandments. It is true that by some Bengalis are expected to be of a cowardly nature, but I can assure to your honour that I am of good bottom and have so much pluck that nothing fears me in day or night season. Therefore I may be considered accustomed to bravery. If I am only once taught drills and exercise of shooting and lagoonet, then I fear no foe and am ready to expend my bloods in defence of earth and home in my fatherland. Hoping to receive early reply."

Tribute to Departed Worth.

"That man Ardup," said the man in the mackintosh, "was as good hearted a fellow as ever lived, but he was always in debt and always hounded by creditors. Poor fellow! He deserves a better epitaph than an unfeeling posterity will engrave on his tombstone."

"Well, durned, good and faithful servant," suggested the man who had his feet on the table, and a deep silence fell upon the group.—Chicago Tribune.

Congratulation and Recommendation.

Mr. Lakeside—Old man, congratulate me. I'm engaged to that charming widow, Mrs. Van Wabasher.

Mr. Dearbornstreet—With all my heart! I never had a better wife than she was.—Chicago Record.

Messina was the first to bring the secrets of the oil painting of the Netherlands to Italy. He studied with the Eyckes about the middle of the fifteenth century, and after returning to Italy introduced the improved methods in the use of oils.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

THE HAWK KNEW HIM.

How a Trained Bird That Had Deserted a Ship Was Recovered.

"I don't know that the ancient sport of falconry has ever been in vogue in this country," said Captain L. E. Metcalf of Montreal. "It is rather odd, considering how fond many Americans are of copying everything that is done on the other side of the water."

"When I was in England several years ago, I obtained possession of a peregrine hawk, which I brought with me on my return home. During the voyage across the Atlantic it was my custom to allow the bird the use of its wings every day, taking care to give it a hearty meal beforehand, that it might not be tempted to dart off after some passing seagull and lose sight of the ship. In spite of the precaution, the bird was missing one day. Night came on, and still the hawk did not appear, and I made up my mind that I would never see my pet again. Soon after my arrival home, in planning over a Halifax paper, I noticed a paragraph stating that the captain of a fishing schooner who resided at that point had brought a fine hawk into port, which he said had suddenly come aboard his vessel during his late voyage. I at once jumped to the conclusion that it must be my falcon and lost no time in setting out for Halifax to investigate. On finding the captain who had the bird I learned that he had no intention of giving up his prize, saying that it was easy for any one to claim property, but it was another thing to prove the ownership of it."

"My object was to recover the hawk rather than to pick a quarrel with the pugnacious sailor, so I curbed my anger and proposed to settle the question by experiment. To this the captain at last consented. The test was this: I was to be admitted to an interview with the bird in the presence of witnesses. Since in the possession of the captain the hawk had stood on its dignity and repelled any attempts at familiarity. If now it should show any signs of recognition toward me and attachment, especially if it should play with the buttons on my coat, the captain was to give up his claim."

"The bird was accordingly brought in. In an instant she dashed at my shoulder, showing every sign of recognition and delight. She rubbed her head against my cheek and playfully clamped the buttons on my coat with her beak. The witnesses rendered a verdict in my favor, and, to do him justice, the captain willingly gave up his claim, and I bore my pet home in triumph."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IRELAND'S RUINED CASTLES.

The Green Isle Is Rich In These Ancient and Interesting Landmarks.

Ireland is rich in castles and ruins. One of the most ancient of these is the Grianan of Aillich, a ruin that stands on the heights above the Swilly, and which was, centuries ago, the stronghold of the northern princes.

Around this fort many battles were fought. Hosts swarmed over the adjacent hills or fled down the river, and in those deadly engagement scenes were enacted that often cast a gloom over the whole country and wrecked the social life of Erin.

As England gained power she strove again and again to exert her influence over the sister isle, but warriors like Strongbow spurned a "foreign" supremacy, and when the battle went against them found a safe retreat in the bogs, the valleys and the hills of that lonely country, only to rally forth to avenge themselves anew upon their enemies.

The rock of Cashel, Dunluce castle and many other spots were the centers of these fearful combats.

The picturesque ruins of Sligo abbey, built by Maurice Fitzgerald in A. D. 1255, and the more imposing proportions of Donegal castle are silent witnesses of a progress that proceeded steadily in spite of these disturbances.

That unhappy land, with all its beauty and its early advantages, has been the scene of endless struggles.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Horned Sea Serpent.

The horned sea serpent, otherwise "the Pearl Island monster," excited more curiosity among scientific men than any other marine snake of modern years. It was seen late in 1883 by Captain Seymour and others of the officers and crew of the New England boat Hope On while they were lying off the Pearl Islands, 40 or 50 miles from Panama, watching for whales. Captain Seymour describes the creature as being 40 or 50 feet in length, with a very large and fine horselike head, having two twisted unicorn shaped horns protruding from near the ears. Besides being provided with mane, ears and horns, this Pearl Island monster also had legs, four in number, much resembling large, flattened, double jointed flippers. His skin was of a dull bronze hue, profusely speckled with large black spots, and a tail which all hands agree in saying was forked or split for at least ten feet back from the point. It was seen on two different days, and if whales had not been sighted at about the same time an effort would have been made to capture it. The accounts of Captain Seymour and those of his men agree in every essential particular, even to the approximate size of the huge creature's great lidless eyes. It is important to note in this connection that the officers and men of the Pacific Mail steamers which ply the same waters have frequently seen the reptile, but never so closely as did those aboard the Hope On.—St. Louis Republic.

German Penny Dreadfuls.

The "penny dreadful" is not unknown, as it seems, in Germany, where it bears the characteristic title of "shudder romance." It is not sold in the shops, as among us, but is carried about from street to street and village to village by an army of colporteurs. The Berlin Tagliche Rundschau asserts that there are no fewer than 43,000 shudder romance colporteurs who earn their bread by the sale of the weekly numbers of these novels in Germany and Austria. It estimates the regular subscribers at about 2,000,000! The novels of crime and horror are not complete in one number, like those in our comparatively innocent penny novelettes, but usually run about 150 weekly numbers and rarely conclude in less space than 100 numbers.—Westminster Gazette.

No Chance For Such an Impression.

"That is a wonderful work of nature," said the man who was visiting Niagara falls for the first time.

"Pretty big," replied the hotel keeper.

"I don't see how anybody could contemplate it without feeling terribly insignificant."

"Well, I suppose a good many people do feel that way. But, you see, most of the people who stop at this house are brides and grooms."—Washington Star.

Wire hairpins were first used in 1545 and were invented in England. Before that time the hair was held in place by little wooden skewers.

Burial Among the Siwash.

Among the Siwash there are no regular burying places for the dead bearing any resemblance to the cemeteries with which Europeans are familiar, and in the majority of cases nothing but a simple sepulchral mound marks the spot where interment has taken place. In a few solitary instances I have found rude human figures carved in wood placed upright at the four corners of a tumulus of oblong form, but such as I have seen are in an advanced state of decay, and I have not heard of any of recent date.

The looking glass, the snuffbox, the comb, knife, spear and walking stick and the necktie which belonged to the deceased, and also a bottle of rum, are, as a rule, buried with the corpse. Many will recognize in this a very ancient custom observed by other nations. In the tombs of Assyria, discovered and opened by Mr. Layard, were found beads, small ornaments apparently belonging to neckties, vases of green pottery, copper mirrors and copper spoons, bracelets of silver, a pin for the hair, bowls and small alabaster bottles.—Sunday Magazine.

The Mule and the Turtle.

"To the mutual antipathies of the animals," gossiped the planter from North Carolina, "must be added the mutual dislikes of the mule and the turtle. Whether it is the ugly appearance or the scaly, fishlike odor of the turtle I am unable to say. But if he pops up his head from the water in the same place where a mule is at work there will be no more plowing corn that day."

"I have known mules which would not go near the brook for days because a turtle had trailed off under the bushes when they were taken down to drink. And I have seen them take the bit between their teeth and break out of a field on a dead run when the scent of turtle was in the air."

"There are some who believe that the mules mistake terrapins for muskrats. Nearly every plantation mule which has worked by the waterside has been annoyed by putting its hoof through the soil down into the muskrat's winter home. And his antipathy for the muskrat thus becomes a question of experience if not of instinct."—New York Mail and Express.

Two Rats.

A London journal relates a rat story that is worth repeating. It says a gentleman, on coming home from India on a sailing ship, while in the tropics was one day bathing his hands and arms in a basin full of cool water placed on top of a sea chest. Suddenly a large rat jumped on the chest beside him and looked up in his face, then, placing its fore feet on the edge of the basin, drank long and deep. Although usually "rough on rats," the writer says "he had not the heart to hurt the one, for—to make use of a nautical term—his coppers were hot." An acquaintance of mine, a truthful man, told me in Melbourne some years ago that one evening, while sitting on his veranda, with his old cat (nearly blind) close beside him, a large rat came from under the veranda, and going straight up to the cat, first with one paw and then the other, suddenly snatched his face, then slowly retired once more beneath the veranda."—Boston Herald.

Other United States Than Ours.

There is of course but one United States in our estimation, but as a matter of fact the designating title which we are in the habit of assigning to our own country alone is borne by four other nationalities.

They are the United States of Mexico, which came into official being in 1821, the United States of Colombia, which succeeded New Granada in 1861; the United States of Venezuela, which superseded Plain Venezuela in 1864, and the United States of Brazil, which were established in 1889.—New York Herald.

A Rising Youth.

Applicant—You want an elevator boy that's young and has had lots of experience, do you?

Janitor of Office Building—That's what I've advertised for.

Applicant—Well, I'm your hoister.—Chicago Tribune.

Breakfast depends upon the point of view. Occupation and temperament have much to do with the bill of fare. The business woman likes her chop, cutlet or bite of steak, bowl of oatmeal milk, hot biscuits, hot coffee and a taste of fruit. She may or may not have the muscular energy to digest that quantity of food, but she eats it because her people ate it, because it is her habit.

The housewife takes the first cup of coffee made. When her husband appears, she has coffee with an egg on toast, and when her grown son comes down she has more coffee and perhaps a pancake with jelly.

The woman in it, whether nursing, painting or the drama, is satisfied with a milk cube of sweet butter and coffee and milk. The student finds bread and milk sufficient. The society girl craves dry toast and tea, and the woman of the world has an appetite for tea and lemon juice.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

As True as Gospel.

HORSEFLESH FOR FOOD.

The Taste For It Spreading In Europe. Sentiment and Science Against It.

Hippophagy, or, to speak less euphemistically, the habit of eating horseflesh, is spreading in Europe. While savage man is known to have satiated his ravenous hunger on horseflesh or any other variety of flesh he could find, the modern origin of this peculiar taste dates from the siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, when the populace were compelled from dire necessity to sacrifice this noble quadruped to sustain life. Many acquired a taste for the meat, and the demand for it did not cease with the capitulation of the city.

It was to be seen on sale at many of the cheapest stalls and has been ever since a staple article of diet for thousands of the poor of the French capital. For horseflesh is much cheaper than beef. Beef in Paris is worth 20 cents a pound, while horseflesh can be had for 8 cents a pound, which affords a reason why the barbarous custom should take such a firm hold upon these people when once necessity gave it root.

Once planted in Paris, the practice spread to other continental cities, especially to Berlin, where horseflesh is now consumed in considerable quantities by the poorer classes, and the medical authorities and humanitarians are raising their voices against what they justly consider a barbarous and dangerous custom.

The medical men warn the eaters of horseflesh that the horse is peculiarly liable to the disease known as richioidosis, also found in hogs, and while cooking generally destroys the germs of this disease it cannot always be depended upon to do so. The disease is frightfully fatal in its effects and baffles medical skill.

The humanitarians take the ground of sentiment, urging the almost human affection of the horse and the close companionship he has shared with man since the dawn of the human race. A huge return, they deem it, to slaughter and eat this noble creature. In spite of these warnings and protests hippophagy is on the increase in Europe. It has not yet reached England, nor is it likely to so long as the roast beef and mutton of Australia and New Zealand last. Still, if the sentimental Britishers are too squeamish to eat their horses, they are not too squeamish to sell them to the continent to be eaten. Quite a number of supernumerary equines are exported for that purpose.—New York World.

Etiquette of Introduction.

In point of precedence in presenting there is none, only the younger woman to the older, and a man to a woman, a professional man always by his title. The woman in her own home should always shake hands when a guest is presented; men should shake each other's hands. The southern fashion of a woman extending her right hand to a man is charming. It is now carried out to some extent in New York.

At a ball the introductions should be distinctly formal. Handshaking is not correct, and here again common sense comes in, for it is most awkward for a woman to place flowers and fan while shaking hands.

No man, when presented to a woman at a dance, should fall in asking for her card. His introduction means a dance.

What is the best form of presenting people? None is so good as the simplest. "Miss Brown, may I present my dear friend, Mr. Jones?" is all that is most elegant.

At any function less important than a large ball it is always pleasant to add a little note of interest to the presentation, which breaks the ice and leads the way for conversation.

These matters may seem a bit trivial at first, but the omission of them does not lead to pleasurable results.—New York Advertiser.

A Polyglot Beggar.

If when walking on any of the cross streets in the vicinity of Grace church you hear a mumble of jargon at your shoulder, and turning find that it comes from a stout, sodden faced young fellow, you may know that you are in the hands of the polyglot beggar. As soon as he finds that he has attracted your attention he ranges alongside and fires a German broadside at you. You shake your head, and he brings a French volley into play. Another shake of the head, and he takes you with Italian. All these falling, he hauls down his foreign flags and boards you with the question in broken English.

"Are you acquainted well with here?" The pirate is so "mild mannered," and the implied compliment of your speaking strange tongues is so pleasant, that you answer him smoothly, and then, holding up with his eye, of the ancient mariner pattern, he sheers off to the edge of the sidewalk, with you in tow, or else warps you into the snug haven of a doorway and starts to spin his yarn of the storms and shoals of the great city.

The plunder is generally a nickel or a dime, but it is a question if the entertainment in the line art of mendicancy is not worth the money.—New York Sun.

As True as Gospel.

A married man waits thus: "Nothing maddens me more than to attempt to read the paper to my wife."

"I'll sit down and begin—it's always something interesting—and she'll be seated for a minute or two. Then she'll rise and say: 'Go right ahead, dear. I can hear every word.'"

"Then she'll prance into the next room and tinkle and tinkle with things on the mantel or the bureau while I raise my voice and have to roar out some paragraph that loses all its sense by that means."

"Then she'll disappear again, and I'll hear her voice come out in muffled tones from the clothes closet: 'Wait a minute, dear; I'll be back.' But I don't wait."

"I put on my hat and go down town and read to myself all the way."—New York Recorder.

A Great Financier.

The somewhat impetuous young man had married the daughter of the rich legislator so much against the father's will that he had left them to shift for themselves.

"Your wife's father," remarked a friend one day to the young man, "is a great old financier."

"Yes, but he is no statesman."

"Is that so?"

"Of course, for when I married his daughter he demonetized her, and we've had hard times ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

Robin (to his sweetheart)—Come, Jenny, don't be an owl. There's a duck! It was only a lark, you goose.

The resistance of canalboats to traction increases with the displacement of the boat, but more slowly.

The Christmas panic has come, and how to give presents to those who expect them is keeping many a good woman awake nights, and wetting many an uneasy pillow with tears.

ALL DISEASES

HAVE SAME ORIGIN.

All progressive physicians now admit the correctness of "the germ theory of disease." They know that all diseases are caused by germs, or microbes, which lodge in some organ, get into the blood, and multiply with terrible rapidity. The trouble may show in the head, lungs, stomach or elsewhere. You may call it by any name you choose, but the cause is the same—microbes in the blood—microbes at the root of your life.

Kill them and it cures you. Let them live and you die. The disease isn't Consumption, or Eczema, or Dyspepsia, or Paralysis—it is Microbes of different kinds. The only preparation that will kill them all and so cure any (so-called) disease is

WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

Book About It free.

Don't Fail to Send for It.

CONSUMPTION. PATENT, N. J., Aug. 14, 1894.

Gentlemen—Having had three sisters die with Consumption, and knowing by my symptoms that unless helped I would be the next, I began to use your Microbe Killer upon the advice of friends, and I am now happy to say that I am again enabled to work (which I was unable to do) and have good rest and appetite, and no headache or cough.

Ed. E. Spear, 7 Hamburg Ave.

RHEUMATISM. MORTON, DEL. CO., PA., Aug. 26, 1894.

Gentlemen—I had the Rheumatism in my limbs so bad that I was unable to do my work. I was induced to try Radam's Microbe Killer, and am happy to say that I was cured in a few weeks. It is a grand, good medicine, and I would advise every one to try it.

ANCHIE THOMSON.

WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO., 7 Laight St., NEW YORK.

AGENTS FOR BENNINGTON MRS. MARY GIBSON, 500 MAIN STREET.

ECZEMA. MELROSE, MASS., Sept. 1, 1894.

Gentlemen—I have been a great sufferer from Eczema, tried all number of Sarsaparilla and other Purifiers, but could not effect a cure until I used Radam's Microbe Killer, which did the work thoroughly and effectually.

GEORGE URTON, Melrose, Mass.

PARALYSIS. NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1893.

Gentlemen—On the 23rd of September, 1892, I was suddenly seized with Paralysis, and dropped helpless in the streets. My friends sent me to the New York Hospital, where I was treated for sixty-four days, and on being discharged, my condition was such that I could not get about without the use of a heavy cane. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when through a friend I heard of the Microbe Killer, and immediately began taking it. From that time I received benefit, and after taking it for four months, was entirely cured. FRANK P. SHULL, 1 E. 28th St.

MOST ARTISTIC! MOST ENTERTAINING! MOST INSTRUCTIVE! AMERICA PHOTOGRAPHED.

Best Descriptions.
Best Photographs.
Best Subjects.

It is distinctively the king of all Portfolios, and you will regret it later if you do not secure the collection. It covers America as no other previous work has done.

THE ARTIST, THE CAMERA, THE WRITER.

THE BEST EFFORTS OF ALL.

United States, Canada, Mexico,

THE GREATEST SCENES IN NORTH AMERICA.

The following gems can be obtained in one number by clipping two coupons from the SEMI-WEEKLY BANNER and sending ten cents in money or postage stamps to this office:

- Swannanoa River, North Carolina.
- Down the Yosemite.
- Mission of Santa Barbara, California.
- Castle Gate, Utah.
- The Quakers, Monument Park, Colorado.
- Phantom Curve, Colorado.
- Needle Mountains.
- Maiden Rock, Lake Pepin, Minnesota.
- Sacrificial Stone, Mexico.
- Point of Rock, Potomac River.
- Niagara in Winter.
- Moki Indians.
- Leadville, Colorado.
- Planting Rice in North Carolina.
- Farms among the mountains of North Carolina.
- Guildford Court House, North Carolina.

Clip your coupons from the SEMI-WEEKLY BANNER and go

America Photographed. It costs only ten cents a part.

COUPON Dec. 14

"America Photographed."

Send this and one other coupon of a different date, accompanied by 10 cents, and one number of "America Photographed" will be sent you, postage paid. Portfolio No. 20 now ready.

C. A. PIERCE & CO.



Needs Shortening

So do all cooks; and the puzzle for every one of them has been how to avoid sodden pastry. The problem has now been solved by the NEW VEGETABLE SHORTENING Cottolene

which makes light, crisp, wholesome and easily digested pastry. The most famous cooks in the country say so, and you will also after a fair trial. Make it now.

Sold in 3 and 5 lb. pails by all grocers. Be sure you get the genuine. Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, CHICAGO, 224 State St., Boston, Portland, Me.



Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for